technique. This amazing couple indeed invented the *feuilleton,* without which the press of Central Europe would now be unthinkable.[1]

Heine's own countrymen never forgave him his French sympathies. Yet he was, in spite of all, one of the very foremost European poets of his age, and one of the greatest German poets of all time. Though his native country has done its best to obliterate his memory, half a dozen at least of his lyrics remain among the most popular in the German language: and his *Lorelei* and his *Grenadiers* can hardly be driven out of the recollection of the German child even by anti-Semitic reaction.

At one time, Berthold Auerbach rivalled Heine, in popularity at least, and seemed likely to play the same role in fiction which the former had done in poetry. Time has brought a truer perspective: yet Auerbach remains one of the great names in German literature of the middle of the nineteenth century. But there was one profound difference between the two men. Heine's taste, and his wit, and his verve, were Erench—or at all events, non-Teutonic. Auerbach, on the other hand, represented the quintessence of German sentimentality and *GemUtlichkeit.* As was the case in art, a certain objective externality was necessary for the aesthetic appreciation of the slow-moving folk-life of the country-side : and, just as Liebermann enshrined the life of the German people in his canvases, so Auerbach achieved

fame through his wonderfully intimate pictures of the life of the peasantry of the Black Forest, the heart of unspoiled Germany. Though iii his student days he had suffered imprisonment for his democratic views, he became later a staunch advocate of German Nationalism, and distinguished himself for his patriotic effusions during

[1] The art was brought to its highest pitch of perfection by another Jew, Daniel Spitzer, of Vienna.